

A  
P O E M  
Most humbly offered to the  
M E M O R Y  
Of HER Late  
Sacred Majesty,  
Q U E E N M A R Y.

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By R. G O U L D.

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Licensed, Jan. 23. 1694.

D. P O P L A R.

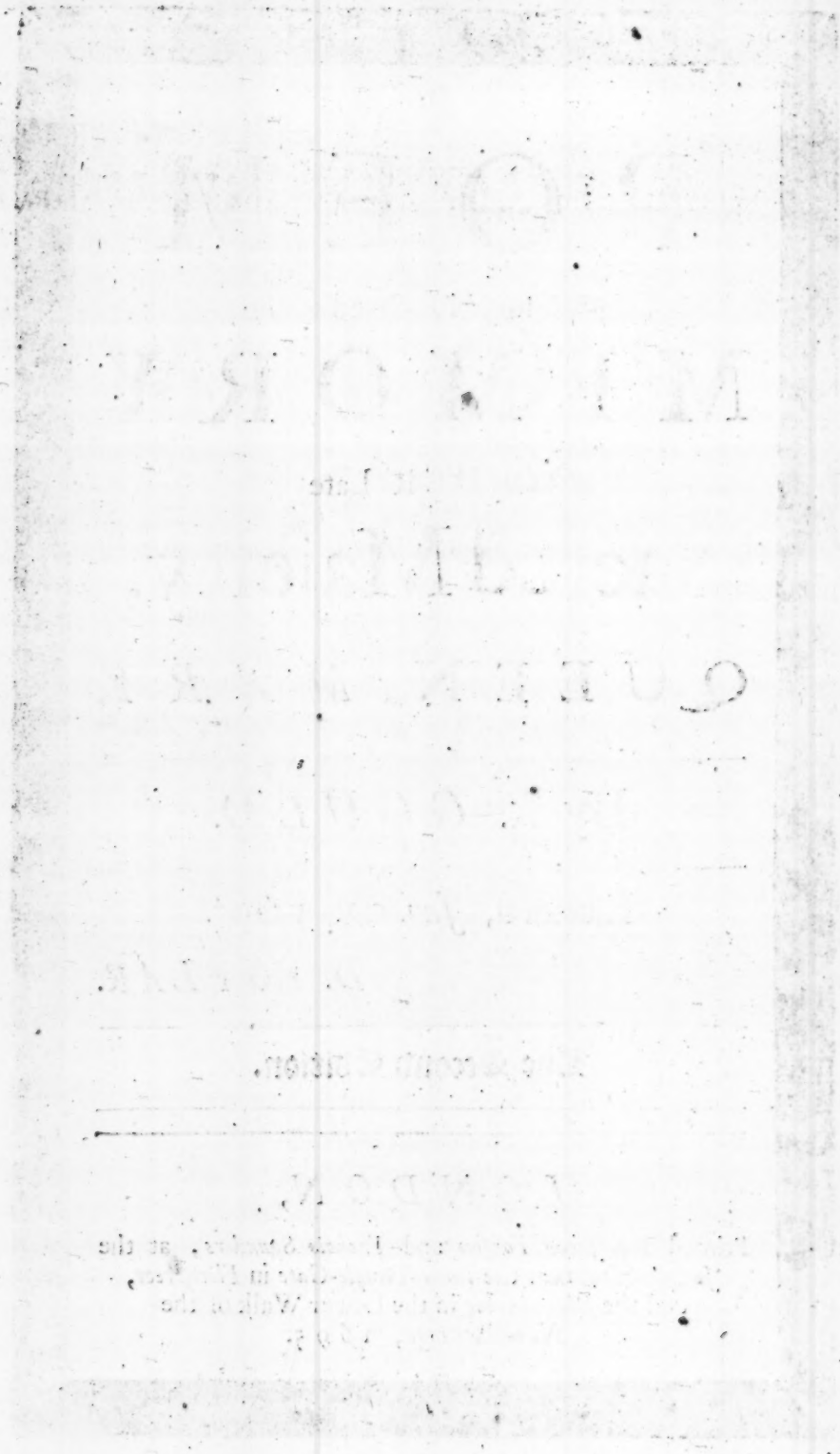
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The Second Edition.

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L O N D O N,

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M E M O R Y  
Of HER Late  
Sacred Majesty.

**B**OTH Kind and Fortunate the Year begun  
Her happy Course, and long went smiling on;  
Fresh Blessings daily opening to our View,  
With Promises of Greater to ensue.  
The Senate did their Sovereign's Wants supply,  
And ready Grants are half a Victory:  
That done, He early opens the Campaign,  
Armies at Land, and Navies on the Main.  
Where never *British* Sails before were spread  
In Hostile Gulse, our conqu'ring Fleets are led.  
Lords of the Ocean long our selves we nam'd,  
And now, as far as that does reach, are fam'd.  
*Spain*, whose Armado made the World afraid,  
Fell by our Strength, and rises by our Aid.  
Though from the vaster Continent dis-join'd,  
The Balance falls as *Britain* is inclin'd:  
If Peace she gives, she does compose the Jar;  
And does as surely conquer, if 'tis War.

To their own Ports confin'd, the *French-Men* see,  
 "We ride without a Rival on the Sea.

As *Tourville*, *Russell*; so their Gen'ral too

At Land does think it safest out of View;

Entrench'd he lies, and fights us by delay;

But let him think of *Cannæ's* Fatal Day.

A Day like that, and quickly too, may come,

And *Paris*, took, be humbled in her Doom,

Though that less famous Warrior fail'd of *Rome*. }

Thus our Affairs abroad---- At home no less,

The bounteous Year did all our Labours bless.

The fertile Soil, like *Ægypt* heretofore,

By Handfuls a prodigious Product bore:

Ne'r had the Reaper's Gripe so large a Pull;

And still our Garners and our Stores are full.

Mean while our neighb'ring Foes, by Want of Reign

To Dearth reduc'd, had scarce their Seed again:

Starving and harass'd by their *Tyrant's* Lust,

They crouch beneath his Spurn, and lick the Dust.

This Harvest o'er, another yet succeeds,

*William* return'd! and Crown'd with Glorious Deeds!

That Just Restorer of our Rights and Laws:

And, hark! the Universal lov'd Applause

Welcomes, at once, their Great Deliv'rer home,

Our *CÆSAR*, too, from *Gaul* in Triumph come.

Bells, Guns, and Shouts, in one loud Concert join;

The Voice of Nations is the Voice Divine.

Scarce Sacred *Charles*, whose Absence long we mourn'd,

Joy of our Hearts, more lov'd and blest return'd.

*Saviour of Nations*, hail! Nor have w' implor'd

The Pow'rs in vain, You are in Peace restor'd!

Thus far w' are happy----- Hitherto the Year

Was not the Occasion of a Publick Tear:

Almost expir'd, who wou'd expect to find

Her blackest Day, and gloomiest Scene behind?



It now has cancell'd all it gave before,  
 Ne'er but with Grief to be remembred more!  
 Our Sun of Beauty's sett! our Joy is done!  
 And with Her Life the *British* Glory gone!

Where was the Guardian-Angel of these Isles?  
 (On which 'tis said delighted Nature Smiles)  
 Or where was Hers? To what strange Region gone,  
 And left his Chrage to perish here alone?  
 Return! Return! and, paler than Her Ghost,  
 See what the World by your Neglect has lost!  
 Death of thy Absence has th' Advantage took,  
 And dreadfully he grinn'd, and deep he strook!  
 Banish'd from *Paradise* be now thy Doom,  
 Ne'er to thy Native Seat again to come:  
 Hadst thou been careful, as thy Nature's kind,  
 Our Light that is extinguish'd, yet had shin'd!  
 But with our Hopes let now our Lives be done,  
 And that way mourn the *QUEEN* of *Britain* gone!

But tho' thy Ministers their Charge forsake,  
 O Heav'n! thy Eyes for ever are awake,  
 You might, at least, (but you are pleas'd 'tis so)  
 Have stood between H E R and the Fatal Blow;  
 Nor let the pale-fac'd Tyrant from us torn  
 That *G E M M* by *Britain* with such Glory worn.  
 Why do we Mortals Adoration pay?  
 For Blessings praise you, and for Blessings pray?  
 If those we dearest love, and highest prize,  
 Are snatch'd the soonest from our wondring Eyes!  
 Hard your Decrees! your Laws unequal made!  
 Why must the fairest Flow'rs the soonest fade?  
 Why must that Sacred Life so quickly end,  
 On which the Peace of Nations does depend?  
 In all Her Sweetness, Glory, Youth and Prime,  
 Abhorring Vice, and still redeeming Time:  
 Ah, cruel Heav'n! so little in your Eye,  
 And yet less great in Pow'r than Piety.

When the bright Sun hastes to his Ev'ning-Fall,  
 Like Age deceas'd, he scarce is miss'd at all:  
 But if, in his Noon-Station in the Skyes,  
 A black Eclipse does shroud him from our Eyes,  
 W'are pale with Fear, and his lost Glory mourn,  
 Though sure both Heat and Light will soon return.  
 How shall we then our present Fate deplore?  
 Our Light's extinct, and is to shine no more!

'Tis true, the Stars their baleful Influence shed,  
 And Death's fierce Agents thro' the Town were spread,  
 Diseases rag'd and whet their Arrows keen,  
 And flew in Pestilential Air unseen:  
 But *Princes* should from common Ills be spar'd,  
 Not perish meanly with the Vulgar Herd:  
 In Pow'r so like th' Immortals, they shou'd be,  
 Methinks, least subject to Mortality.  
 Or granting humane Nature to be frail,  
*Prayer* is prescrib'd, why did not *Prayer* prevail?  
 Why deaf, ye Powers, to all our Vows and Cries?  
 Sent up aloud, yet banish'd from the Skies.  
 Ah, may we not too sadly now complain,  
 That we have pray'd with Faith, yet pray'd in vain!  
 Had *Prayer* been efficacious, She had been  
 A Living, not a Dead, a Perish'd QUEEN!

But 'tis your Will, and we submit to Fate,  
 Our Part's to hope, and not expostulate;  
 Since in all Turns and Changes, here below,  
 You still have Ends above our Reach to know:  
 Forgive me then, that thus I dare to blame  
 Divine Decrees, and tax the Sacred Name.----  
 But we may mourn---- That wretched Liberty  
 You cannot to our out-cast Race deny:  
 Grief seems to be our sole Prerogative,  
 Faithful to Life, and all that Life can give:  
 Your Love and Bounty, as you please, are shown  
 In other things, but Misery's our own.

Hear

Hear then, ye *Britains*, and attend me well,  
 While the sad *Muse* does all those Wonders tell  
 In which the bright *MARIA* did excell:  
 Then, pale and dying with your Grief, bemoane  
 Th' amazing Loss of so much Goodness gone!

Tho' She did move in such a Glorious Sphere,  
 She often stoop'd, and made the Poor her Care,  
 And seem'd to place Her sole Diversion there;  
 Her Favour and Compassion did extend  
 Where-e'er there was Occasion to befriend.  
 Wide as Her Pow'r, and boundless as Her Mind,  
 Was Her diffusive Love to Humane-kind.  
 You, Ladies, that still had HER in your View,  
 And saw to what a Pitch Her Vertues flew;  
 O blame me not, that in the Van I place  
 Her Charity, that first best Fruit of Grace:  
 Above the Clouds it does its Vot'ries raise,  
 And leaves on Earth their Everlasting Praise:  
 But O! our Praise must now be mixt with Mone!  
 The QUEEN of Bounty, and of Britain's gone!

But tho' this Vertue bore so strong a Sway,  
 Yet did She not more often Give, than Pray:  
 The Charming Suppliant for our Fau'ts wou'd kneel,  
 And we th' Effects of Her Devotions feel.  
 How often has Her Sacred Knees been bent  
 Mercies to crave, and Judgments to prevent?  
 Ah! grant (She'd cry) 'ere yet thy Vengeance fall  
 Upon these stubborn Lands and ruine All;  
 By Penitence they may thy Rage divert,  
 And make thy Laws their only Joy of Heart.  
 Long they have err'd, and trod in impious Ways,  
 Prophan'd thy Sabbaths, and renounc'd thy Praise!  
 O set 'em right! and let Religion be  
 Not thus in talking of, but following Thee.  
 Such earnest Raptures wou'd She, living, breathe,  
 And, dying, did in Legacies bequeath.

Who

Who now will for a murmur'ing People sue,  
That grudge both *Cæsar* and their *GOD* his Due?  
Our Sins have lost *HER*---- we can hope for none!  
Our mighty 't Earthly Intercessor's gone!

So firmly She all Sacred Truth believ'd;  
(O more than *Saint*!) She ev'ry Month Receiv'd;  
Fixt to that Orb, She kept Her Soul in Tune,  
And thought She never could excell too soon.  
So easie all Offences to forgive;  
Even *Hermits* die less pure than *SHE* did live.  
No Parallel can reach *HER*, *Lamb* or *Dove*,  
Nor this in Innocence, nor that in Love.  
Angels alone are with like Meekness grac't,  
And dying Virgins only are as Chast.

If those that most abase themselves must be  
Exalted, and attain the Top Degree,  
*SHE* was a *QUEEN* by Her Humility;  
Zealous not of Her own, but People's Ease:  
For Pride and Sloth were Her *Antipodes*.  
Tho' on Her Head She wore the Sacred Gold,  
Her Fingers wou'd the feeble Distaff hold;  
Nor from the Needle would She turn Her Hand,  
But that and t' other artfully command;  
The Golden Thread in Rich Embroid'ry twine,  
Till it was wrought into some Form Divine;  
At His Return Her Monarch to adorn,  
And only fit to be by Monarch's worn.  
How ill will this fam'd Pattern now agree,  
With the loose Race of lazie Quality?  
If, Ladies, you wou'd have a Glorious Name,  
Like *HERS* in Life, and after Death in Fame;  
Fly Idleness, and ill-perfwading Ease,  
Nor be too proud, or over-fond to please:  
Think of the Plainness of your *Sov'reign's* Drefs,  
It neither made Her Worth or Beauties less.



If Vertue don't from Death her Vot'ries free,  
 How can you be preserv'd by Vanity?  
 Think of Her Fate, and soon expect your own;  
 Can Glow-Worms hope for Light when Stars have none?

If Mercy shou'd some Humane Likeness take,  
 She cou'd not a more Glorious Figure make;  
 Cou'd not our Souls more pleasingly allure,  
 Or scarce more Blessings to those Souls procure.  
 No Sweetness, nor no Charm that Heav'n cou'd prize,  
 But sate triumphant in Her conqu'ring Eyes!  
 To gaze but on *HER* struck so bright a Flame  
 Up in our Hearts, it yet does want a Name!  
 Not such with which weak Beauties blind our Sight,  
 At once 'twas Love, Amazement and Delight;  
 In Her soft Aspect, and Her easie Meen  
 Were all the Beauties, Loves and Graces seen,  
 And *SHE* o'er All presiding as their *QUEEN*.  
 Others they might to our Esteem prefer,  
 But they themselves had their Esteem from *HER*:  
 They flow'd not to Her, but did from Her run,  
 As Light from Flame, or Brightness from the Sun.  
 Then, when She spoke, She charm'd the Air around:  
*Musick* no more was a harmonious Sound!  
 To savage Natures it did Mildness bring,  
 Rage was disarm'd, and Envy dropt her Sting.  
 If fam'd *Amphion* with his Lyre cou'd call  
 Th'enliven'd Stones into the *Theban* Wall;  
 What was Her Tongue, that cou'd our Jars compose,  
 More rugged, and to polish worse than those?  
 Weakness with Strength, the Backward with the Bold  
 She closely join'd, and in a *Gordian* Fold  
 But O, the Line is cut! the Union's done!  
 The *QUEEN* of Concord, and of *Britain's* gone!

You who were with Her Royal Conversation blest,  
 Must feel this Blow more deeply than the rest;  
 Your Joys are null! the tuneful Voice is ceas'd!

Run

Run through the Court with your dishevell'd Hair,  
 Swoon with your Grief, and rave with your Despair!  
 With Sighs and mournful Cries fill ev'ry Room,  
 Then pale as Death into the *Presence* come!  
 Where late you waited on the Beauteous QUEEN,  
 Only the Canopy of State is seen;  
 And that too with dark Sables cover'd o're,  
 And dumbly seems HER Absence to deplore.  
 Let not the Vulgar Sorrow yours exceed,  
 You shou'd not only weep HER Loss, but bleed!  
 They cou'd but see Her outward Pomp and State,  
 Kneel at Her Feet, and on Her Chariot wait:  
 Yet when the Gracious *Sow'reign* pass'd but by,  
 With Hands upheld, and Joy in ev'ry Eye,  
 God save HER! was the Universal Cry. }  
 Then to their Toil return'd, a-new reviv'd,  
 As if HER Sight had made 'em longer liv'd.  
 Nor did they judge amiss; the Nation took  
 Enlive'ning Hope and Comfort from Her Look.  
 But O, no more She'll be in Publick seen!  
 No more be greeted with God save the QUEEN!  
 God save the QUEEN will now be heard no more, }  
 With the united Voice and Cannon's Roar,  
 Echo'd from Land to Sea, and from the Fleets to Shore! }  
 Despair and Horror now assume the Place,  
 Anguish and Care, and all the Ghastly Race!  
 That Voice of Melody is turn'd to Mone!  
 And with HER Life the *British* Glory gone!

Cruel Disease! of all Death's Agents worst,  
 By Nature fear'd, and ev'ry Tongue accurst!  
 Ev'n where you spare y'are fatal, leaving still }  
 Behind thee Marks of a most envious Will, }  
 Ev'n that defacing which thou canst not kill. }  
 Thy Rage, like Winter, on our Verdure feeds,  
 And no reviving Spring thy Blast succeeds.  
 Beauty once gone, alas! returns no more, }  
 No Pencil can the Glorious Rays restore, }  
 That charm'd so soon, and shone so bright before. } Thou

Thou dost at once what Age is doing long,  
 And harder treat the Beauteous and the Young.  
 By other Ills though w' are of Life bereft,  
 There's yet at least some Humane Likeness left:  
 But when we do thy barb'rous Work behold,  
 We know not if the Dead were Young or Old.  
 From the detestable and loathsome Sight  
 We turn our Eyes, and stiffen with Affright!  
 The Mother knows her only Darling's gone,  
 And tears her hair for Grief, but looking down,  
 She shrieks, and scarce believes it is her own!  
 By thee disguis'd, so lies our Sacred QUEEN!  
 No more with Joy and Wonder to be seen;  
 A Lazar, scarce to Her Attendants known,  
 Her Vernal Hue and Balmy Sweetness gone!

Ye Sons of *Æsculapius*, boast no more,  
 That you the *Weak to Health and Strength* restore:  
*Vain* is your *Learning*, and your *Art a Cheat*,  
 At least 'tis ever *Fatal* to the *G R E A T*;  
*All you can do* is but a *happy Guess*,  
 And a *whole College* has the *least Success*.  
 Like a sharp two-edg'd Sword you *both ways* slay;  
 Oft by your *Haste*, and oft by your *Delay*.  
 Those by your *Help* recover'd, had, no doubt,  
 Sooner recover'd to their *Health* without.  
 You are your selves an *Epidemick Ill*,  
 And for the *Few* you *save* you *Thousands* kill:  
 To *Plagues* and *Pestilential Blasts* a-kin,  
 Their *Poysons* reign *without*, and yours *within*.  
 From you 'tis *Weakness* to expect *Relief*,  
 Both *Atheists* in your *Practice* and *Belief*:  
 From *G O D* can Favour on your *Work* be shown,  
 When you so boldly argue there is *None*?  
 Yet O, (to this Reproof though justly mov'd)  
 Had you this *Life preserv'd*, y' had stood approv'd,  
 By *Poets* prais'd, and *Nations* been-belov'd.

Those.



Those that wou'd live, must your *Prescriptions* shun;  
 Tho' who, alas! wou'd value now his own?  
 The Great, the Good, the Just, *MARIA* gone!

Adieu, Thou Best of Humankind, adieu!  
 And O, not only Best, but Fairest too!  
 A long Farewell Thy wretched Subjects give,  
 And for thy Death resolve in Grief to live.  
 What tho' our Conqu'ring *Monarch* may restore  
 A Pubblick Peace? *YOU* must return no more!  
*YOU* wou'd to us, a Greater Blessing be,  
 Ev'n Peace was not so much ador'd as *THEE*!  
 While that was with us it less brightly shone,  
 Nor has been so lamented since 'twas gone!

But though for *HER* (ye Pow'rs) in vain we pray'd,  
 Ah, let *HIS* Fate the longer be delay'd!  
 Those Years which for Her Reign so short did seem,  
 And all *SHE* shou'd have liv'd, transfer to *HIM*.  
 Yet so to pray is scarce to be His Friend,  
 Since but with Life His Sorrows will have End!  
 Ah, Gracious *PRINCE*! when you hereafter come  
 From *Gallia*, cover'd with Your Laurels, home;  
 When You have done what Y'are prescrib'd by Fate,  
 Enlarg'd our Bounds, and rais'd a sinking State;  
 Compos'd our Foreign and Domestick Jars,  
 And put a Glorious Period to the Wars;  
 Though all the Nation shall in Joy appear,  
 The Court for your Reception Balls prepare,  
 Will you not grieve to miss *MARIA* there?  
*SHE* was the Soul, the Nation's but the Ghost,  
 That, but the Shadow, *SHE*, the Substance lost!  
 But then remember, *SHE*'s but lost to gain  
 A Brighter Crown, and a more Lasting Reign!

FINIS



